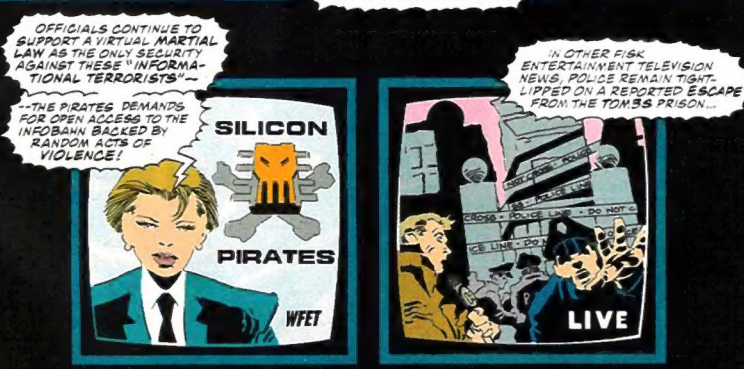
MARVEL COMICS
$1.50 US
$2.05 CAN
331
AUG
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DAREDEVIL
TREE OF KNOWLEDGE 1 OF 4
DIRECT EDITION
331111



DAREDEVIL™ Vol. 1, No. 331, August, 1994. (ISSN #0279-8271) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1994 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.50 per copy in the U.S. and $2.05 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $18.00, Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. Foreign $30.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING INC., SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (212) 696-0810. Printed in the USA.**

100 CENTRE STREET. THE TOMBS.
ONCE, MEN AND WOMEN WERE SENT HERE TO DIE AND BE FORGOTTEN.
DEATH STILL LURKS IN THESE SHADOWS TO HELP THE PLACE LIVE DOWN TO ITS NAME.
THE OUTLINE WAS A PUBLIC DEFENDER CALLED JACK FARGO. BUT HE WON'T GO UNREMEMBERED.
BECAUSE OUT TO AVENGE THIS INJUSTICE IS A CRUSADER NAMED DAREDEVIL.
"... secrecy is the keystone to all tyranny."
-Robert Heinlein, Revolt in 2100
by D.G. CHICHESTER & SCOTT McDANIEL
INKER - HECTOR COLLAZO
LETTERER - BILL OAKLEY
COLORIST - MAX SCHEELE
EDITOR - RALPH MACCHIO
CHIEF - TOM DEFALCO
TREE of KNOWLEDGE ~ part 5
THE LINE EATERS

HYPERKEEN SENSES TRACE THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, THE BLIND MAN HUNTING CLUES.
YOU OWE BIG FOR LETTIN' YOU IN HERE TO SNIFF AROUND, HORNHEAD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU EXPECT TO FIND, THOUGH!
THE FORENSIC BOYS STRUTTED THEIR STUFF AND CAME UP EMPTY...
... NOT THAT ONE POOR P.D. HELD A LOT OF INTEREST WHEN THERE'S OFFICERS DOWN ACROSS HALF THE BUILDING!
SURE YOU DON'T WANT A LIGHT?
POSITIVE.
FINGERTIPS TINGLE.
SOMETHING BRITTLE AMONG THE CIGARETTE ASH AND CONCRETE GRIT.
MINUTE FLAKES, LIKE CRYSTAL.
SMELLING ACRID AND CHEMICAL.
TRACK THE SCENT UP.
"RADAR" STROBES STARK OUTLINES.
ONE TILE, JUST OFF FROM THE OTHERS.

I APPRECIATE THE TRUST, PROSECUTOR MALPER.
SNRAAP!

DON'T BOTHER. THE GUY IN THE OTHER DEVIL SUIT HAD THAT!
SHWAAK!

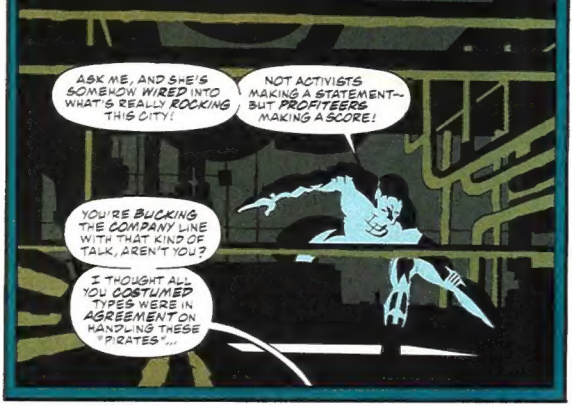
YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR...
THUNK!

...AND A SLIM CHANCE TO PROVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO WEAR THOSE HORNS!
LEMME GET YOU A--
!!
THANKS...

...BUT I THINK I CAN MATCH THE "OTHER DEVIL SUIT" ON A THING OR TWO!
NEVER MIND, THEN!

WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST IN THIS SNOT-NOSE BREAK-OUT ARTIST, ANYWAY?

ASK ME, AND SINCLAIR SPECTRUM'S JUST ANOTHER DARK SIDE HACKER LOOKING TO CASH IN ON SOME INFO HIGH-WAY ROBBERY!


ASK ME, AND SHE'S SOMEHOW WIRED INTO WHAT'S REALLY ROCKING THIS CITY!
NOT ACTIVISTS MAKING A STATEMENT--BUT PROFITEERS MAKING A SCORE!
YOU'RE BUCKING THE COMPANY LINE WITH THAT KIND OF TALK, AREN'T YOU?
I THOUGHT ALL YOU COSTUMED TYPES WERE IN AGREEMENT ON HANDLING THESE "PIRATES"...

I'LL TAKE A RISK ON BEING AN OUTCAST! BETTER THAT THAN STANDING GUARD WHILE MY--THIS--CITY GETS STRONG-ARMED!
I'M FOR TAKING THE FIGHT TO THE ENEMY!

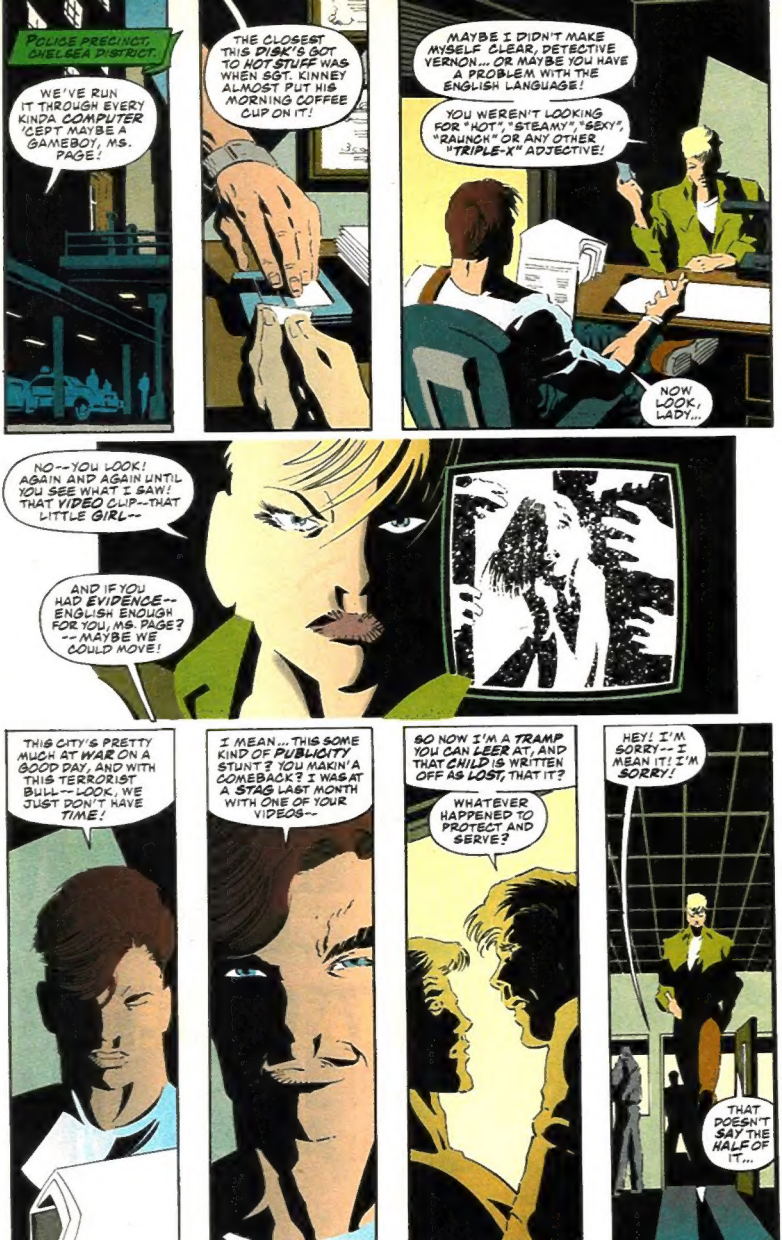
LOT EASIER IF YOU KNEW WHO THAT WAS, HUH?
SOMETHING LIKE THIS KILLED A MAN NAMED COBOL CHARLIE WHEN THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY BLEW!

WHOEVER--WHATEVER--IT CAME FROM IS WHAT TOOK SPECTRUM AND LEFT THAT TRAIL OF COPS AS A DIVERSION!
LOTTA MAYBES! BUT...
BUT WHAT?
MAYBE FOR THE TIME YOU CAN CALL THOSE HORNS YOURS...

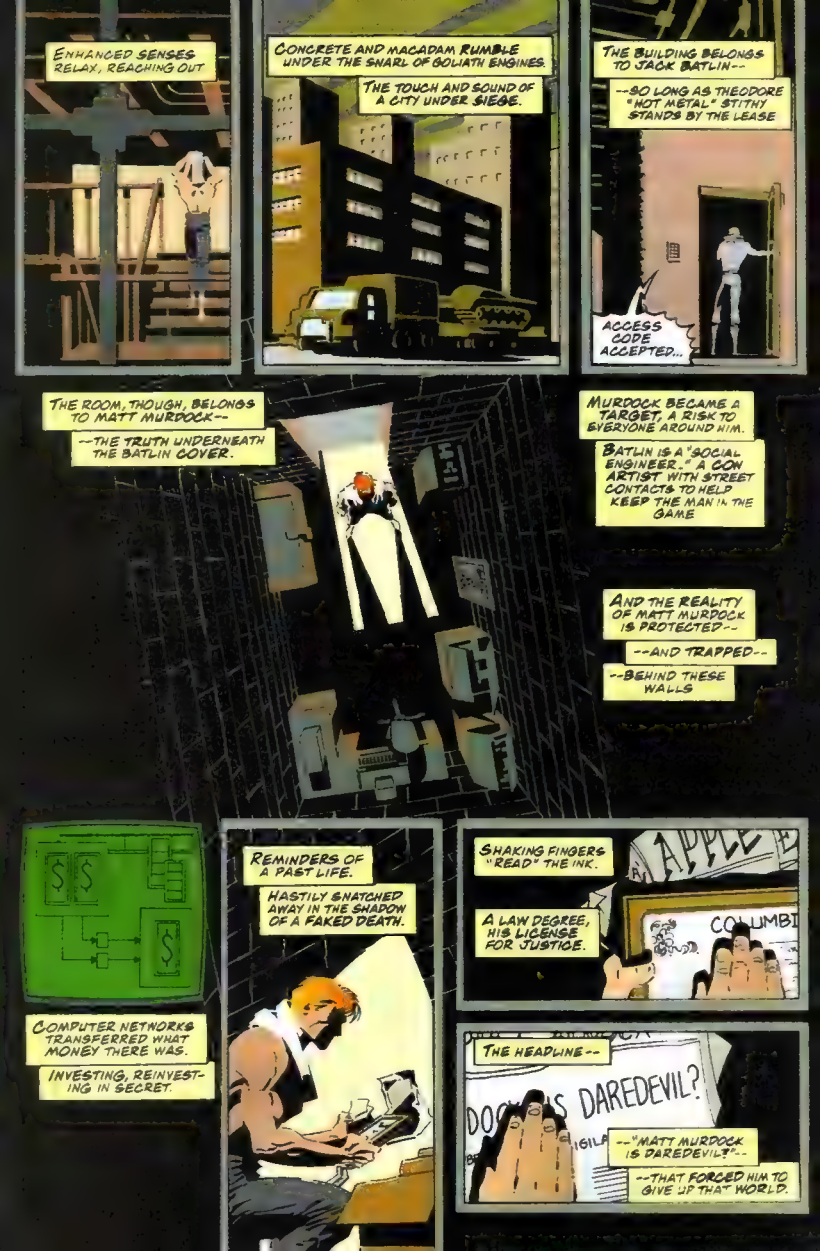
BENEATH THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDENS, THE BRONX.
WITH THE STRIKE FORCE SYSTEM CRASH...
...THE REAL SAVAGERY BEHIND THE FICTITIOUS "SILICON PIRATES."
HURRY IT, INFOMORPH! I'M LEAKIN' AWAY HERE!
WE SHOULD BE SO LUCKY, BITMAP!
BIO-TEXTURE MAPPING ON... RENDERING PHYSICIAN IMAGE IN THREE DIMENSIONS...
TEARING YOUR CASING WAS CLUMSY... YOU BETTER NOT HAVE LEFT ANY GLOBULES BEHIND!
I CLEANED UP AFTER MYSELF, PANCAKE-FACE! NOW FINISH RUNNING YOUR DOC SIMULATION AN' PATCH ME!
L-LOOK AT HER, KILLOBYTE...
KEEP YOUR LENSES SCREWED INTO YOUR SKULL, WIREHEAD.
HANDY HAVIN' A ROBOT LIKE YOU AROUND, STEEL COLLAR...
I'VE -- I'VE NEVER SEEN SYSTEMS LIKE THESE! THIS IS JACKING IN, THE NEURAL INTERFACE TO END ALL--
MISS SPECTRUM! ALLOW ME THE PLEASURE...
TOLD YOU BEFORE TECHNOSPIKE I'M NOT A--
...I AM THE BARON WOLFGANG VON STRUCKER!
OH, FORGIVE ME! SURELY A MODERN YOUNG WOMAN HAS NO INTEREST IN MY DATED MANNER OF GREETING!
OH, DON'T LET ME STOP YOU... BARON. REALLY!
VERY WELL.
VERY WISE.

THE MUD, WIREHEAD'S VIRTUAL ENVIRONMENT.
>YOU SEE A DAZZLING PRINCESS. THE ENCHANTED ROSE YOU STOLE FROM THE GRUE MAY WIN HER HEART.
>GIVE ROSE TO PRINCESS!
GIVE ROSE TO PRINCESS!
PLANT THE VIRTUAL FID BACK IN THE MUD, TROGLODYTE! THE BARON WOULDN'T APPRECIATE YOU CUTTING IN!
SKTCLAK!
THIS HARD DRIVE ISN'T OFF THE SHELF... IT'S LIKE ONE OF KNOWBOT'S HACKS...
YOUR DEPARTED FRIEND WAS IN MY EMPLOY, SINCLAIR, SEARCHING NODES FOR THE NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY'S LOCAL LINE EATER!
A LINE EATER? BUT THEY'RE JUST TALK-- MYTHS!
MYTHS THAT MONITOR-- VIOLATE-- YOUR PRIVATE TELECOMMUNICATIONS FOR "NATIONAL SECURITY"!
THE LINE EATERS ARE AS REAL AS THE SPECIFICATIONS THEY CONTAIN FOR THE GOVERNMENT'S CLIPPER CHIP!
IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE AFTER? SO IF THE FEDS GET THEIR WAY--
--A CLIPPER IN EVERY PHONE AND FAX AND COMPUTER TO TAP WHENEVER --WHOEVER--
--YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DO THE GAME! NO MORE SECRETS...
NO, MY DEAR... NOT ENOUGH SECRETS! NOT CRYPTANALYSIS-- BREAKING CODES! CRYPTOGRAPHY-- MAKING THEM!
WITH CLIPPER PROGRAMMING, WE WILL PROVIDE AN UNBREAKABLE COUNTER-SYSTEM TO THE VULNERABLE PUBLIC!

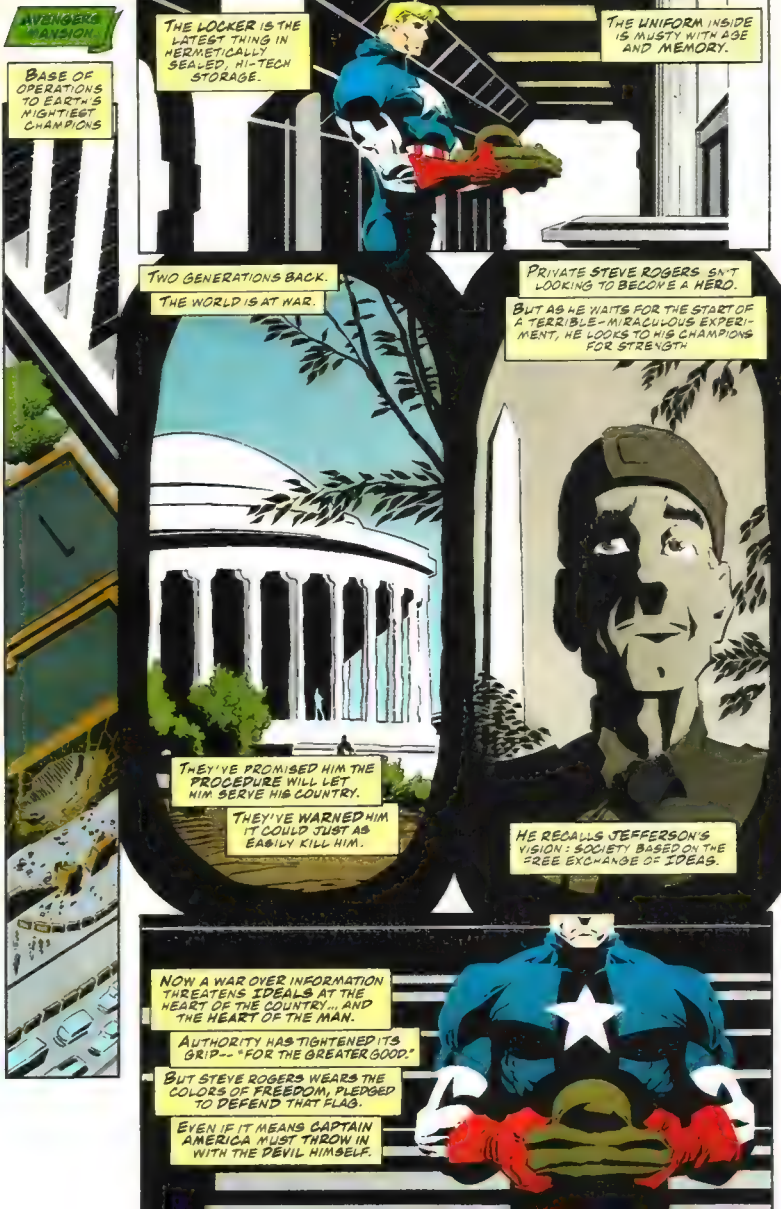
THAT POWER OF ENCRYPTION IN THE HANDS OF EVERYONE WILL SOW THE SEEDS OF MISTRUST! WHO IS HIDING WHAT, AND WHY?
UNABLE TO EAVESDROP, THE SO-CALLED LAW WILL BE FORCED TO RESORT TO GESTAPO TECHNIQUES! THE SYSTEM BREAKS DOWN!
ANARCHY PREVAILS! AND FROM THAT CHAOS, ONLY THE TRUE SURVIVOR WILL EMERGE!
BUT IN HIS GREED, KNOWBOT ENCODED THE LOCATION OF THE LINE EATER! YOU ARE THE ONE I NEED TO CRACK HIS DIGITAL LOCK!
I MAKE NO APOLOGIES FOR MY ZEAL, CHILD!
ARE YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO ADMIT YOUR OWN PASSION FOR TECHNOLOGY OVER-COMES ANY MORAL QUESTION?
LET'S GAIN SOME UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS...
SHE REMINDS ME... OF ME...
WELL, THEN, COLLAR, YOU'VE LET YOUR FIGURE GO SOME!
LIKE YOU, TOO, I'D BET. WHAT WERE YOU LIKE AS A KID?
TOYS, CRAYONS PUSHED ASIDE TO PULL APART MOVING PARTS AND MOTORS.
BUT BIT DECAY SETS IN. WE LOSE OUR GRIP ON R--REAL LIFE.
WHAT--WHATTA YOU GOT UNDER THERE? UGH--BLETCHEROUS!
SHE REMINDS ME... OF ME...


POLICE PRECINCT, CHELSEA DISTRICT.
WE'VE RUN IT THROUGH EVERY KINDA COMPUTER 'CEPT MAYBE A GAMEBOY, MS. PAGE!
THE CLOSEST THIS DISK'S GOT TO HOT STUFF WAS WHEN SGT. KINNEY ALMOST PUT HIS MORNING COFFEE CUP ON IT!
MAYBE I DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, DETECTIVE VERNON... OR MAYBE YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE!
YOU WEREN'T LOOKING FOR "HOT", "STEAMY", "SEXY", "RAUNCH" OR ANY OTHER "TRIPLE-X" ADJECTIVE!
NOW, LOOK, LADY...
NO--YOU LOOK! AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT I SAW! THAT VIDEO CLIP--THAT LITTLE GIRL--
AND IF YOU HAD EVIDENCE--ENGLISH ENOUGH FOR YOU, MS. PAGE? --MAYBE WE COULD MOVE!
THIS CITY'S PRETTY MUCH AT WAR ON A GOOD DAY, AND WITH THIS TERRORIST BULL--LOOK, WE JUST DON'T HAVE TIME!
I MEAN... THIS SOME KIND OF PUBLICITY STUNT? YOU MAKIN' A COMEBACK? I WAS AT A STAG LAST MONTH WITH ONE OF YOUR VIDEOS--
SO NOW I'M A TRAMP YOU CAN LEER AT, AND THAT CHILD IS WRITTEN OFF AS LOST, THAT IT?
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO PROTECT AND SERVE?
HEY! I'M SORRY-- I MEAN IT! I'M SORRY!
THAT DOESN'T SAY THE HALF OF IT...

AVENUE C
PATTERNS OF METAL, ETCHED INSIDE HIS HEAD.
CRUDE AND RAW, A BLIND MAN'S MAZE.
MATT MURDOCK "WALKS" IT THROUGH WITHOUT BREAKING A SWEAT.
THMMK!


ENHANCED SENSES RELAX, REACHING OUT
CONCRETE AND MACADAM RUMBLE UNDER THE SNARL OF GOLIATH ENGINES.
THE TOUCH AND SOUND OF A CITY UNDER SIEGE.
THE BUILDING BELONGS TO JACK BATLIN--
--SO LONG AS THEODORE "HOT METAL" STITHY STANDS BY THE LEASE
ACCESS CODE ACCEPTED...
THE ROOM, THOUGH, BELONGS TO MATT MURDOCK--
--THE TRUTH UNDERNEATH THE BATLIN COVER.
MURDOCK BECAME A TARGET, A RISK TO EVERYONE AROUND HIM.
BATLIN IS A "SOCIAL ENGINEER," A CON ARTIST WITH STREET CONTACTS TO HELP KEEP THE MAN IN THE GAME
AND THE REALITY OF MATT MURDOCK IS PROTECTED--
--AND TRAPPED--
--BEHIND THESE WALLS
COMPUTER NETWORKS TRANSFERRED WHAT MONEY THERE WAS.
INVESTING, REINVESTING IN SECRET.
REMINDERS OF A PAST LIFE.
HASTILY SNATCHED AWAY IN THE SHADOW OF A FAKED DEATH.
SHAKING FINGERS "READ" THE INK.
A LAW DEGREE, HIS LICENSE FOR JUSTICE.
THE HEADLINE--
DAREDEVIL?
--"MATT MURDOCK IS DAREDEVIL?"--
--THAT FORCED HIM TO GIVE UP THAT WORLD.

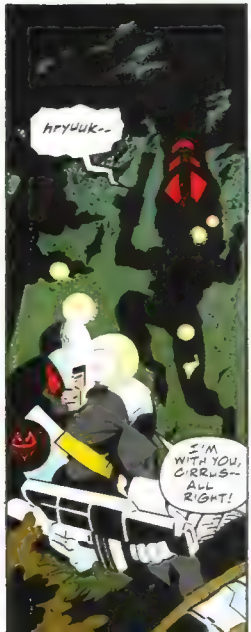
He knows he should have given up more.
There's danger even in keeping the Daredevil name.
But there's pride--
--rightful, arrogant pride--
--in what he'd built that title into.
Logic told him to turn his back on New York, too
The city that got into a boy's soul.
Kept pulling him back
Would never, never let him go
The city, its heartbeat now racing
...daddy...?
s'okay, honey... it's...
...okay...
Fearful of attack from outside
Chilled by guardians in too close
He can't escape the dread, feeling it from all around.
But he can send a message to whoever's to blame.
You watch out for your own.
And any between Matt Murdock and that charge better watch their backs.

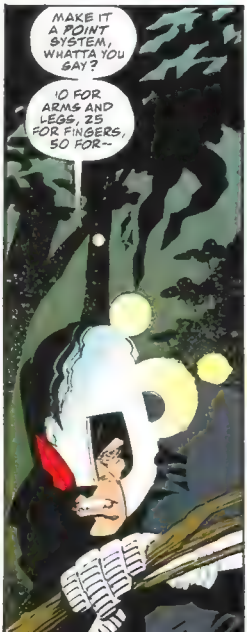

AVENGERS MANSION
BASE OF OPERATIONS TO EARTH'S MIGHTIEST CHAMPIONS
THE LOCKER IS THE LATEST THING IN HERMETICALLY SEALED, HI-TECH STORAGE.
THE UNIFORM INSIDE IS MUSTY WITH AGE AND MEMORY.
TWO GENERATIONS BACK.
THE WORLD IS AT WAR.
PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS ISN'T LOOKING TO BECOME A HERO.
BUT AS HE WAITS FOR THE START OF A TERRIBLE-MIRACULOUS EXPERIMENT, HE LOOKS TO HIS CHAMPIONS FOR STRENGTH
THEY'VE PROMISED HIM THE PROCEDURE WILL LET HIM SERVE HIS COUNTRY.
THEY'VE WARNED HIM IT COULD JUST AS EASILY KILL HIM.
HE RECALLS JEFFERSON'S VISION: SOCIETY BASED ON THE FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS.
NOW A WAR OVER INFORMATION THREATENS IDEALS AT THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY... AND THE HEART OF THE MAN.
AUTHORITY HAS TIGHTENED ITS GRIP-- "FOR THE GREATER GOOD."
BUT STEVE ROGERS WEARS THE COLORS OF FREEDOM, PLEDGED TO DEFEND THAT FLAG.
EVEN IF IT MEANS CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST THROW IN WITH THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

SIXTH AVENUE AT 3-D
OH, POOR BABY! YOUR LOVE LINE LOOKS ...DEPRIVED!
SAVE IT FOR THE PAYING MARKS, JILLETTE!
CALL ME RANDI...
WHY STATE THE OBVIOUS?
NOTHING WRONG WITH MIXING PLEASURE WITH BUSINESS, IS THERE, JACK?
WANT A RISE OUTTA ME, GYPSY-WOMAN? SHOW ME YOUR CONTACTS HAVE GOT WHAT I NEED...
...AND PROVE YOUR REP ISN'T AS MUCH A SCAM AS YOUR STOREFRONT
PSYCHIC SALON
EDGY, EDGY, JACKY! IT'S EVERYONE -- TOO MANY LIFE-SIZE G.I. JOE TOYS ON THE LOOSE!
THE GREEN, "OH-MIGHTY-PSYCHIC."
YOU AND THAT TUMERIC LEAF! IT MAY COME FROM THE FAR EAST... BUT NO WORD ON STREET GAMES FROM THOSE PARTS!
LOOK FOR YOURSELF...
I WOULDN'T KNOW WHICH GLOBE TO START WITH!
MM-MMM... PROMISES, PROMISES! WELL, WHATEVER KIND OF CON YOU'RE LOOKING TO RUN, BATLIN--
--YOUR LITTLE WEED THERE'S NOT BEING MUCH HELP!
'COURSE, IF IT'S NOT BEING BROUGHT IN, MAYBE IT'S HOME GROWN...
THEN, ALL I NEED NOW IS A GARDEN SPOT...
...IN 303 SQUARE MILES OF CONCRETE CITY...

THE BRONX
NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDENS

THEY ARE STORM TROOPERS OF HYDRA, THE PARENT CABAL BEHIND SYSTEM CRASH.
PERIMETER ALERT, MY BACKSIDE:
ANOTHER HOMELESS PIECE'A SCUM, WASTIN' OUR TIME:
CRUD-- TAVIST: THINK OF IT AS TARGET PRACTICE!


HYUUK--
I'M WITH YOU, CIRRUS-- ALL RIGHT!


MAKE IT A POINT SYSTEM, WHATTA YOU SAY?
10 FOR ARMS AND LEGS, 25 FOR FINGERS, SO FOR--

--CIRRUS?
CIRRUS, WHERE'D--?

ALL RIGHT, YOU S.O.B.! WHOEVER-- WHEREVER--
--YOU JUST PICKED YOUR TIME AN' A PLACE TO DIE!
KLAANK!

THRMMP!

YOUR "TUMERIC" LEAD PAID OFF, DAREDEVIL... THESE MEN AREN'T PART OF ANY CRUDE "PIRATE" MOVEMENT!
THEY'RE PROFESSIONALS...

AND THEY'VE GOT FRIENDS, CAPTAIN!
MOVEMENT IN THE BUSH! 10 O'CLOCK... 3 O'CLOCK...

THEY'RE CIRCLING... CLOSING IN.
I DON'T HEAR--
TRUST ME.
I WISH I KNEW WHO WE WERE UP AGAINST! I DON'T RECOGNIZE THEIR EMBLEM...
CUT OFF ONE, CAPTAIN... AND TWO MORE SHALL TAKE THEIR PLACE!
YOU ADMIRE THE NEW BRAND OF HYDRA!

HYDRA?
HYDRA'S A JOKE, MISTER!
I DON'T HEAR ANYONE LAUGHING...

DAREDEVIL AND CAPTAIN AMERICA HAVE FACED MEMBERS OF SYSTEM CRASH BEFORE
BUT NEVER ALL AT ONCE.
AND NEVER WHEN THEY WERE THE TARGETS.

THE SERUM THAT GAVE THE SOLDIER HIS PHYSIQUE IS NOW A POISON. IT EATS AWAY INSIDE--
--CUTTING INTO HIS STRENGTH TO COUNTER THE BLITZ HAMMERING DOWN.
DAREDEVIL KNOCKS BACK A DOZEN BLOWS BEFORE BITMAP GRABS HOLD.
IT SLIDES OVER HIS FACE LIKE WET CLAY AND CRYSTALLIZE GRIT, CUTTING OFF HIS AIR.
TORTURED MUSCLES SPASM OUT OF CONTROL.
SOMETHING BEGINS TO BURN, THE STENCH ACRID AND MEATY.
BIOMIMETIC PLATING CRACKS.
BONES TWIST AND SHRIEK.

IF THEY ATTEMPT TO GET TO THEIR FEET, STEEL COLLAR, DO NOT HESITATE.
BREAK THEIR SPINES.
I HAVE A LIEUTENANT NAMED GARROTE, DAREDEVIL.
HE SUGGESTS HYDRA WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN YOUR "REGICIDE" OF THE SO-CALLED KINGPIN!
ASSUMING YOU'RE THE SAME MAN, OF COURSE. AND IF THAT'S THE CASE, I MUST SAY I FIND YOUR LACK OF GRATITUDE...
...DISTRESSING!
MMM, NEW DATA!
SAMPLING MATRIX...
...RENDERING IMAGE WITH ORGANIC RAY-TRACING!
WHATCHA THINK? GOOD AS THE ORIGINAL, HUH? BETTER, EVEN!

...PERHAPS YOUR YEARS HAVE MADE YOU WEAK AS WELL, NIGHT WAHR?
JOHANN--THE RED SKULL--AND I, WE REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS, TOO.
BUT WE HAVE ADAPTED TO TECHNOLOGY AND OPPORTUNITY...
...WHILE YOU REMAIN LOYAL TO A DATED AND FADING RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE!
SHAKE AND BAKE, BARON?
JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP OUR GUEST SUBMISSIVE, TECHNOSPIKE!
YOU CHOOSE WEAK ALLIES, CAPTAIN...
I'M LOYAL--TO LIBERTY!
SHOULDA STUCK BY YOURSELF, SOLDIER-BOY--LOT LESS PAINFUL!
DON'T KILL HIM 'TIL I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO SAMPLE HIM!

EXPERIENCE JUNKIE! YOU'RE A SAD CASE, INFOMORPH!
OUTLINES IN HIS HEAD WARP AND SWAY.

STAR-SPANGLED'S AN OLD THORN IN THE BARON'S BUTT! TIME HE GOT A TASTE 'A THE FUTURE...
EEYAARKK
FINGERS GRIP COLD MUD--
--PULLING FORWARD--
--ONE FISTFUL OF AGONY AT A TIME.

GOT THE WORD FROM DOWN BELOW!
SWEET LI'L SPECTRUM'S CRACKED FAT BOY'S CODE-- WE'VE GOT THE LINE EATER LOCALE!
EXCELLENT! CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS HIS USES, BUT LET'S DISPOSE OF THE HORN-HEADED--
--WHERE--?!
OUR RISK-TAKER LIVES DOWN TO HIS NAME! TEACH HIM THE CONSE-QUENCES...
"...SEND OUT A PLATOON!"
THE FAINTEST RUSTLE OF LEAVES.
WEAPONS HUMMING WITH BARELY-CHECKED POWER.
THEY MOVE IN STEP WITH DEATH ITSELF.
HE SENSES IT ALL.
SCENTING EACH BEAD OF SWEAT.
HEARING EVERY FINGER AGAINST EVERY TRIGGER.
THEY THINK THEM-SELVES PREDATORS.

BUT THIS JUNGLE'S STILL THE INNER CITY.
AND ON DAREDEVIL'S HUNTING GROUND, THEY'RE ONLY PREY.
NEXT: THE FEROCIOUS CONCLUSION TO TREE OF KNOWLEDGE: SOFTWAR!